We Need to Talk

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We Need to Talk

by Sunflower_reader

Summary

Hannibal brings an injured Will to his apartment, a long conversation is needed.

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Basically the Dolce episode with a twist.

Notes

English is not my first language so if there are mistakes blame my english teacher

Bloody and heavy, Will tried to catch his breath on Hannibal's couch, that was probably five times more expensive than his own, not that he really cared about ruining it, It's not like he was the one to shoot himself.

"Chiyoh's always been very protective of me." Hannibal started before adding, "Did she kill her tenant or did you ?"
Even in his horrible state, Will managed to respond, after a slow exhalation. "She did."
"Excellent." A sparkle of pride showed in his dark eyes. Even if Hannibal won't admit it, Will was certain that the feeling of possessiveness was reciprocal.

Suddenly, he felt a light and cold weight been placed in his left hand that was still hanging outside the couch, brushing against the floor. Shifting his fingers stiffly, he almost cut himself when he grazed the blade.

"You dropped your forgiveness, Will." Hannibal said softly, almost lovingly. He stared deeply into Will's eyes, before letting go of his limp hand.
"You forgive how God forgives" he added, not breaking eye contact, he asked "would you have done it quickly, or would you have stopped to gloat ?" the only response he got was a snort from the curly haired man.

After a moment of silence, Hannibal's question was answered by another one.
"Does God gloat ?" He smiled softly, and Will wondered if this was just another manipulative way to break down his walls, and if it was, it worked way too well.

"Often." They laughed quietly at that. Slowly getting up with a groan, he stared blankly at the older man, before glancing down at the sharp objects they both had in their hands.

"Don't pierce me with that needle. I want to talk to you, just a bit more. Please, Hannibal." He let out, his voice breaking a little bit, he wasn't sure if it was because of the wave of sadness that hit him or because of his sleepy self.

"After being asked so nicely, I find it impossible to ignore your request. What do you wish to talk about, dear Will ?" Slowly lifting his right hand in the air, he approached it close to the blonde and grey strands of hair that almost fell on the Hannibal's face, slowly pushing it away, not touching his skin once.

Still on the floor, the older man stood up to sit next to Will, who said quietly, "You told me that, if you saw me everyday forever, you would remember this time. Tell me Hannibal, was it true ?"

Without a once of hesitation, he mouthed a "Yes."
Breaking eye contact, Will continued, "Why should I believe you ? We're the same after all, we lie." A few seconds passed. "You told me our stars were the same, but so are our feelings." Hannibal responded. His face breaking into a smile, Will gathered his courage and finally looked up to lock their eyes together.

"I know they are, but sometimes I wish they weren't. I hate loving you, Hannibal." His last sentence came out as a whisper, as if their love was a secret they could never share to anyone, and it was.

"I will hurt you." Hannibal said.
"I'll let you. I already did." The younger man then took his hands in his bloody ones, giving him the cold knife that hasn't left his palm since it was returned to him.

"If you decide to kill me now, you will return to your old self, not completely, but at least you will be able to stop blurring for a little while. I will become the difference between your past and the future, and you will stay my past, my future, and my ending." They both stared deeply into each other's eyes, deep in thoughts.

"Why not your present ?" The question was left unanswered, because deep down, he knew why. He wasn't worthy of being his present, their relationship was too twisted, too violent, to work.

Holding tightly the handle of the knife, he changed his question, "If I may ask, does it scare you ? Being so deeply in love with me, I mean."
A smirk appeared on Will's face, showing a few of his teeth as he did.

"You're not as scary as you think you are Hannibal. It's not you who scare me, It's who I'm becoming. Nothing about us is normal, maybe except for our love, even if the way we express it is unusual too."

Reaching out for his hand, his right hand still gripping the knife tightly, he touched softly his bloody palm, peeling some blood off.

"We cannot wish to fit the mold Will. When you started to see me under the veil, you threw away the only part of you that was still attached to your reality. Now, you are in the darkness, in my darkness, and you will never escape. If you do, you will have to die. You will have to let me kill you. I don't want that."

A laugh escaped Will's mouth, it was short and smelled bitter.
"Of course you don't. You're not satisfied yet, you didn't have enough fun. You still want to know what I'm capable of. I'm tired, Hannibal. Tired of your game. I have a wife, I have a kid, I have a family waiting for me." He retracted his hand so it would be out of reach for the doctor.

"You don't want a family Will, you only want this feeling of normality, you want to be normal again, you want to escape into my darkness. Founding a family is the first step for that." Frowning, he looked at the knife for a moment, as if he wanted to remind Will of what he was capable of.

"There's no future for us, Hannibal. Only death is waiting for me behind your veil. I see you, and you see me, but the others don't." He sighed deeply, putting his now almost free of blood hands over his face to comfort himself, refusing the warmth of the person in front of him.

"Since when do you care so much about others ? Excuses are not what I want to hear Will. You wanted to talk, then talk to me. Listen to yourself and tell me what you want." Will opened his mouth, only to close it a few seconds after, he knew what he had to do, but he also knew what he wanted to do.

"If I stay under the veil, will you hold on tight to me so I don't get lost ?" Rubbing his thumbs together, he stared deeply into the brown tired eyes of the older man, trying to prepare himself for his answer.

"I never intended to let you go in the first place." Finally throwing the knife away, he cupped one of his cheeks and wiped away a salty tear.

"I love you, Will." He whispered, like a prayer.
"I know", was the only sentence Will was able to mouth before Hannibal kissed his chapped lips.

Although it wasn't his first, it felt like it. It was clumsy, not reciprocated at first, but the youngest quickly kissed back and bit his lower lip gently to bring their tongues together. Panting softly, Will rested his head on his chest, slowly falling asleep to the rhythm of the strokes Hannibal gave him on his back.

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